Filthy

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/16246913.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Begging, Watersports, Urine Drinking, Power Dynamics, Humiliation, Degradation, Dominant Hannibal, Submissive Will
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Kinktober 2018
Stats:	Published: 2018-10-09 Words: 1,166 Chapters: 1/1

Filthy

by jonnimir

Summary

> Kinktober Day 2: Begging + Watersports.

Notes

> I have mixed feelings about watersports, so of course jumped right in the deep end, because why wouldn't I.

It wasn't the first time Will had asked, but it was the first time he felt like he had a chance in being granted his wish. It was disgusting, he knew. It made his face flame red just to think of it, and the first time the words had slipped past his lips he thought he would die of shame. But he couldn't help it. When he was at Hannibal's feet, he didn't just want it to be about pleasure. He wanted everything from Hannibal, the good and the bad; he wanted to offer himself up for abuse.

And now here they were, after Hannibal had tried to excuse himself to go to the bathroom, and Will had predictably made a fool of himself.

"I don't want you to go to the bathroom to piss," he'd said. "I want you to use my mouth."

And Hannibal had given him that look again—that dark, inscrutable gaze that felt like it was at least partially a reprimand. And Will thought he was going to deny him outright again, tell him it was not an activity he had any interest in partaking in.

But their play had been rougher this time. Will was bruised. His ass was a deep red, neck liable to bloom with ligature marks, and Hannibal's cum was splashed across his chest. And it was recent—they were both still naked. It felt like a more natural extension of what they had already been doing.

And instead of a denial, Hannibal asked: "What do you imagine you'll get out of this, Will?"

He shifted uncomfortably, lowered his eyes. "I just… I'd just get to feel like I could have all of you. And like I was… useful."

Hannibal stepped closer to him, gripped his chin and forced it up until their eyes met. "Do you yearn for degradation?"

"Only by you," he whispered. "I want to experience the worst of you, and I want you to see the worst of me. Not just… seeking the best in each other."

"What would be the worst in you? Do you want me to see you as filthy? Desperate? The worst kind of whore?"

His thighs tensed. He could already tell this conversation was going to make him hard.

"Yeah," he said. "Exactly."

"Do you imagine I'd have use for someone so filthy?"

"Only… only to abuse." He flushed. "You already hurt me and everything, but that's… you're still respectful about it. I'm still a partner to you, not a whore. And I… I like being your partner, I do. I love it. But sometimes I just… I want to be less. No expectations. Just filth."

Hannibal hummed. Traced a finger over Will's lower lip, then tugged it down. "Open up."

Will stared at him wide-eyed, then did so. He was expecting, though he didn't know how, that Hannibal would grab his cock and start pissing. Instead, Hannibal gave him a scrutinizing expression, worked his mouth—it looked like his tongue was pressing around his teeth—and spat directly into Will's mouth. Then immediately ordered, "Don't swallow."

A shudder went down Will's spine and his eyes fluttered, mouth still partially open. Hannibal watched him for a moment, eyes scanning his face, and finally said, "Swallow."

He obeyed, though he could not tell where Hannibal's spit ended and his began. "Testing a theory?" he asked softly.

"Testing your responsiveness to degradation, rather than risk having urine spat on me because you change your mind partway."

"I won't spit it on you, I promise." Hannibal still looked skeptical. "*Please*. You could hold my mouth shut 'til I swallow, anything. Please, Hannibal, I want it so badly."

"Tell me how badly." His tone was cold despite the heat Will could see in his eyes.

He felt himself flush from his face all the way down to his chest. "Enough that I'm willing to beg for it even though I'm pretty disgusted with myself for even asking in the first place. Please. Please… sir."

Using "sir" was fighting a bit dirty and he knew it. Hannibal's response to Will using that word was unilateral arousal, and he could see it in his eyes—could see the moment he made his decision.

"Can you think of an adequate punishment should you break your promise, boy?"

Will closed his eyes briefly and nodded. "You could mummify me, sir."

Any other punishment, Will would be too likely to enjoy. But when they had experimented with mummification, the simultaneous sensory deprivation and complete restriction of movement had just made him uncomfortable and anxious, to the extent that Hannibal's soothing words hadn't done much good.

It was not, strictly speaking, a healthy thing for him to allow. And if Hannibal had been a better man, perhaps he would have declined this offer out of concern at the likelihood of Will having a panic attack. But he wasn't. And given the limited opportunities he had to indulge his sadism by doing something to Will that he did not enjoy on any level, he was surely pleased at this suggestion.

So he nodded. "That's acceptable. Now open your mouth again."

And Will did, eagerly, watching Hannibal grasp his soft cock and move forward until the head was inside Will's mouth. He said, "Close your lips tightly around it and don't let any drip out."

And Will did, allowing it to settle on the tip of his tongue.

He felt the cock pulse between his lips, and that was all the warning he had before his mouth was flooded with slightly acrid fluid.

His brow furrowed—it was not a pleasant taste—but the position he was in, the sheer shameless vulgarity of it, overwhelmed that slight discomfort, and he swallowed the urine down rapidly, not allowing enough to pool in his mouth to risk spilling.

Then a hand carded through his hair, settling at the nape of his neck, and he relaxed a bit. Hannibal pressed his cock deeper into his mouth until he could feel it heavy on his tongue.

A choked whine fell at the back of his throat, unable to swallow while he did so, but too aroused to remain silent. Hannibal's fingers curled firmly against his head.

"Very good, Will. I never knew you were such a filthy boy."

The words fell on him like pure praise, and he shivered. Swallowed down the last of the faltering stream, and sucked his cock clean of every last drop, until it fell from his lips with a pop.

He rocked back on his heels, a breathy moan escaping him. He swallowed again, dry. Noted his own cock lying half-hard between his legs. And looked up at Hannibal, almost afraid of what he would see. But Hannibal's expression was placid, simply expectant.

"Thank you for letting me drink your piss, sir," he said quietly, and Hannibal's lips quirked.

"Absolutely disgusting, Will," he said, but there was nothing but pleasure in his voice. "Now go wash out your mouth."

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